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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

From a Photograph by Pinner & Shulein

"'An Bre'r Rabbit, he lay low"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVII THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1906 NUMBER 7

This truth alone of all truths else hold fast:—
From lower to higher, from simple to complete,
This is the pathway of the Eternal Feet;
From earth to lichen, herb to flowering tree,
From cell to creeping worm, from man to what shall be.
This is the solemn lesson of all time,
This is the teaching of the voice sublime:
Eternal are the worlds, and all that them do fill;
Eternal is the march of the Creative Will;
Eternal is the life of man, and sun, and star;
Ay, even though they fade a while, they are;
And though they pause from shining, speed forever still.
—Lewis Morris.

The local option bill, which almost succeeded at the last meeting of the Illinois legislature, is surely coming up promptly at the next legislature. The friends of the movement are already alert. Candidates should be compelled to declare their positions on this subject so that voters might cast their ballots intelligently.

"Perjury is the crime of the age." This is the striking caption of the leading article in the religious department of the *Literary Digest* for last week. The throwing off and assuming of creedal vows for marital purposes, the elastic interpretations of unelastic creeds, and the far-reaching agnosticism of business men when on the witness stand, are cited as illustrations of the far-reaching crime.

We present as our frontispiece this week a bit of poetry, ideality, and art, from real life. The photograph was presented to the Editor on his recent southern trip by an amateur photographer of Montgomery, Ala. The picture proves that "Uncle Remus" is not only a real character, but that he deals in real things. His "Bre'r Rabbit" stories have as solid a place in life as has the multiplication table. If you do not believe it, look at this picture.

The *Unionist*, the parish organ of the Union Congregational Church, of Green Bay, Wis., for April is before us. It has once again changed its form, but still bristles as ever with pointed paragraphs, discriminating distinctions and searching ethical insight. The paper fully vindicates its faith in its own citation, which we borrow for our own editorial page:

"The world is growing better, no matter what they say,
The light is shining brighter in one refulgent ray;
And though deceivers murmur and turn another way,
Yet still the world grows better every day."

Louis F. Post, editor of the *Public*, is known in Chicago as a man of radical opinions, but also as a man of judgment and probity. His paper in commenting upon the recent elections in Chicago says:

"There is room for denying that there was a marvelous expenditure of money against the 'Little Ballot' by persons and organizations, with no visible sources of pecuniary supply commensurate with such expenditure. . . . Yet a moral victory has been won on all three questions and a legal victory on the only one of the three that is of present legal importance."

Charities for April 7 is largely devoted to the discussion of the visiting nurse, a comparatively new vocation to women, and why not men. The country doctor has deservedly held his place in civilized society for a long time, but he well knows that he often labors in vain for want of intelligent and scientific application of his prescriptions and suggestions. Here is a pleasant, profitable, and altogether noble calling inviting young women and young men to enter. Let only those worthily trained apply. Here as elsewhere, only the fitting are fit.

Year by year it becomes more apparent that the United States senate is an anachronism. It is a survival of feudalism, a relic of aristocracy, which has no logical place in a republic. Think of New Jersey having as much representation as New York, and think of both states being represented by men who hold positions far removed from the suffrage of the people, quite independent of and oftentimes antagonistic to public confidence and public interests! The United States senate, as now constituted, must go sooner or later. And if a second house is necessary to retard legislation, it must be the result of the direct ballot of the people and a proportional representation.

The old subscribers to UNITY have of late been confessing themselves through our mail. Here is a letter that comes from North Andover, Mass., written in the trembling hand of eighty-five years, saying:

"This will close my subscription to UNITY, which began when it was a little, one-dollar-a-year, at the entreaty of my friend, Miss Hannah Stevenson. I shall probably not be here another year when the subscription becomes due."

Not so sure, dear friend. The saints live long. But whether here or there, we delight in the thought of Swedenborg,—that the oldest angels are the youngest. Hannah Stevenson, the good right-hand of Theodore Parker, was a good friend of UNITY in its infancy. She held up our hands while she lived, and being dead, her work and support abide.

Rev. Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., will have to stand trial after all, the bishop having overridden the decision of the committee appointed to investigate the cause. The standing committee of his diocese has come to other conclusions and they have made out fifteen counts against him, based on extracts taken from that altogether commendable book of Doctor Crapsey entitled "Religion and Politics." Whether these extracts will be adjudged orthodox according to the requirements of the Episcopal creed, remains to be seen, but that they are sane, convincing, and clarifying to a constantly increasing number of people, in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, inside and outside of all churches, is beyond dispute. Did space permit, we would be glad to print the charge entire, not as a contribution to controversial theology, but as a beautiful tract of the times, setting forth the conclusions of scholars and contributing to progressive religion. The interest in heresy trials has gone by; they belong to a past era, but the relation between elastic interpretations and unelastic creeds is a pressing conscience question in morals today in all the churches.

A vigorous campaign is being carried on in Chicago with the view of securing in the new city charter a clause granting the right of suffrage to women. Women's clubs and societies have been holding effective meetings in different parts of the city. It is a pity that the burden of labor should fall upon the shoulders of the women in this case. Not for gallantry, but in the interest of a much needed reinforcement, the right-minded men in the city of Chicago should move in this agitation. Recent experience shows how inadequate are the best men in this city to cope with the worst foes of the city,—which are not those that lurk in the slums, not even among those who delight in saloons, but the complacent crowd who allow themselves to be manipulated, dictated to, led, by the inferior minds but nimble manipulations of the partisan politicians,—the young men who are corrupted by the party clubs that train them to shout and to march for "our side" whether or no. To the thoughtful, the revelations of the recent city elections are chiefly depressing in the fact that the best elements in even the most favored and promising wards, had to go unrepresented, if not misrepresented, by the second and third-rate men who wormed themselves into nomination, and when election day came there was nothing left for the "intelligent voter" but to choose between those unknown quantities. They may turn out well, some of them, but it is a poor promise for an alderman when a man gets into the council through the ambiguity of his answers and the uncertainty of his position. The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois invalidating the primary law of the state, was a merited rebuke to selfish, scheming, party-serving legislators. If women were allowed to exercise their logical rights, things could not be worse and we believe they would be much, very much, better in these directions. At any rate, they have a right to a trial, and the progressive city of Chicago ought to be the first in reading the "handwriting on the wall."

Editorial Wanderings—Continued

No Northern man can visit the South and hold himself aloof from the question, "What of the colored man?" Indeed, apparently, southern politics and southern social problems, as well as economic problems among the southern people themselves begin and end in the same question.

"What of the negro problem?" I asked a sturdy, successful farmer who lives in the "black belt" of Alabama, sixty miles from Tuskegee, who shared my seat in the railroad car. Prompt came the answer, "There is none, sir! I repeat, sir, there is no colored problem! If only the politicians and the newspapers would let us alone. I am the son of a slave-holder; I served in the Confederate army, and I tell you, sir, there is no colored problem. The negro is working out his destiny, and we white people are not only willing he should, but we are helping him. We need him; we cannot do without him; he is our best friend and we are his best friends. If only the politicians would let us alone! The colored man is rising, but we are rising too."

With such pithy epigrams he proceeded to enforce his thesis with telling illustrations.

"What of the colored man?" I asked the head of a great educational institution in the quiet confidences of the midnight hour, he also the son of a slave-holder and of a Confederate officer. He replied: "Already the colored man has made great advances. He has learned to speak the English language since the war; many of them to speak it eloquently and forcefully. He who knew not the value of a dollar has learned the law of barter. In many cases he is a successful tradesman; he can make and is making money in many places. Thirdly, there is an obvious advance in morals. He has learned to respect the *meum* and *tuum* of life. There is a manifest increase in his respect for the rights of property. And I say to my associates that a people who have advanced so much already have further possibilities which must be reckoned with."

Out of my own experience, I can with confidence say that the change from year to year is manifest. The number of self-respecting, well-clothed, trusted and trusty colored people found in positions of responsibility, obviously increases from year to year. In the Southland today colored people are found occupying positions of trust as confidential clerks, as business attendants, as postoffice employes, mail carriers, express messengers,—and these positions are held to the surprise of nobody. This implies necessarily a capacity to carry responsibility, and trustworthy character. There are fewer gates off the hinges, more cottages whitewashed and painted; the shambling, half-starved mule in rope harness is fast disappearing in Alabama,

Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. The fields are far better tilled. The bedraggled, ragged, gutter-torn fields of twenty years ago,—fields which Sidney Lanier compared to King Lear,—"storm-torn and daughter-bereft"—are disappearing. The cotton and corn rows now run with the hill; not up it or across it. The "cow-survey" is followed. When needs be, the hills are terraced, and the naked red clay fields are disappearing beneath the accumulating humus that is the result of better tilling. And for better or worse, most of the work of the South, in doors and out of doors, is being done by the colored people. All of which goes to prove that farmer and professor were right. There is no *colored* problem, but there is a *mighty* human problem,—a never ending problem of vice and ignorance, of selfishness and stolidity,—and this problem, like all the problems of progress, runs ruthlessly across sect, party, class and race distinctions.

When the resources of education and culture are exhausted in this work of reconciliation and social adjustment, then vice and passion seem to step in with grim irony to mock the hysterical dread of social equality. Steadily the work of bleaching the black is carried on; the generations are bleached by the vices of the whites. Unfortunately the annual output of mulattos does not seem to be on the decrease, but, according to some opinions in the South, rather on the increase, and every such child is blanched by a white father,—natives most of them. This degrading of the white man is ever the result of living in the presence of those over whom hangs the social dogma of inferior races. The uncontrolled passion of the black man is the deserved object of fear and loathing; but the indignities offered by white men to black women have been too little condemned and too tardily recognized. A scientific discussion of the race problem in the South today is absolutely impossible, for want of adequate vital statistics, for the number of individuals listed as "black," whose veins carry seventy-five per cent or more of white blood, reaches the hundreds of thousands. If the Anglo-Saxon blood is superior, which is the *dominant* element in this composite creature?

I said last week that my itinerary enabled me to visit three colored institutions,—the Straight University at New Orleans, the University of Atlanta, of which Professor DuBois is a conspicuous representative, and a sojourn at Tuskegee. No one can overestimate the mighty work done at Tuskegee. The triumphs of Booker T. Washington have not been over-stated. The institution at Tuskegee challenges comparison with any institution, in any part of America, of any race. It well deserved the silver wedding ovation, for which it was preparing when I was there and which it has since received. But let no one think for one moment that Washington's work at Tuskegee is unrelated and unduplicated. It is not the result of a one-man power. At New Orleans, Atlanta, and many other places there was evidence of colored boys and girls successfully winning their way upward. Other schools than Tuskegee are well taught and other students justify the efforts of their teachers.

My own visit at Tuskegee was altogether delightful. Here again I found All Souls Church blooming in the home of our own Lloyd G. Wheeler and his family, under whose hospitable roof I found home shelter and around whose gracious board I found communion with men and women who, in breadth of culture, keenness of wit and ethical insight, would do credit to any faculty of any college in any state of the Union. More anon.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Homes and the Drink Habit

The German Emperor appointed a commission to inquire into the effect upon the German people of the use of alcoholic liquors. The report shows that the consumption of alcohol in that country is annually $750,000,000. This constitutes one-eighth of all the people earn. Of course beer constitutes the most popular national tipple, and the amount expended on breweries constitutes annually $500,000,000. The amount spent on wines amounts to only a little over $50,000,000; and that for fancy liquors about three times as much. In other words the drink habit, at least in Germany, is a draught upon the common people. The question is one of an economic sort,—expressing a conflict between home-making and a wasteful indulgence. At the beginning of the nineties stimulants cost only half what they do at the present time. The increase went up from $125,000,000 in 1890 to $200,000,000 in 1898. The Emperor looking over these figures is said to have exclaimed, that "Even the Yankees could not stand that sort of work."

This is precisely the bearing of these statistics—the Yankees are undergoing the same sort of social waste. The average income of a German family is about $100.00 per annum; while the average cost of meat, sugar and other necessaries is 25 percent higher than in this country, yet about $12.00 out of this hundred goes for intoxicating drinks. This drink tax is the heaviest that the Germans pay, notwithstanding the tremendous load laid on them by the army, the navy and the civil list. Field Marshal Waldersee is said to have protested to the Emperor, "Your Majesty's subjects drink up five times the amount of the army budget. It does not do them any good." He proposed a reduction in the use of alcoholic drinks of at least one fourth—this fourth he would turn over to national defence. Agriculture is at present compelled to use an area exceeding the Duchies of Brunswick and Anhault, beside several minor principalities, in raising hops and barley for distillation. The land that is thus set aside for the production of alcoholic drinks would yield sixty-five pounds of bread per head to the whole population. Two-thirds of all the barley grown in Germany goes to the breweries; and at least one-sixteenth of the

corn, and one-twelfth of the potatoes go into some form of intoxicant.

The drink bill for the German people sums up four times as high as the whole income of the State from taxes, direct and indirect, eleven times as high as the entire budget of the post and telegraph; thirty times as high as the amount paid for fire insurance; and one thousand times as high as the expense of caring for the poor. Statistics in this country do not give us as accurate figures for comparison; but we do know that the average cost of intoxicants to the common people is somewhat less than in Germany. In Great Britain the showing is worse. The average cost to the British citizen is four dollars and fifty cents more per year for his drink bill than is paid by his German cousins. In Edinburg the amount of money spent daily for alcohol is thirty-seven and a half cents for every man, woman and child in the city. The people of the civilized world spend annually $2,000,000,000 on beer, $1,000,000,000 on whisky, still more on wine—standing for one-tenth of all the income of all the people.

The strongest argument against interference with the drink habit has heretofore been that it would decrease the income of the government. A high German official reports that "to stop drinking would mean a heavy blow to national income. The annual income from a handful of breweries alone averages 200,000,000 of marks per year." But the sentiment is steadily growing in Europe that we have taken a false estimate of this question. The Emperor of Germany is not alone in expressing a conviction that national strength as well as national character depends upon teaching and possibly enforcing a measure of national self control. Temperance is something more than a moral duty; it is a civic necessity—a matter that comes under the head of political economy.

E. P. Powell.

April

Ho, the wonder of it! Is the winter swept away?
Blown before the balsam breath from out the south today?
Jewel-like, a blue bird gleams in circles far and high
Under all the wonder of the sapphire shining sky;
Down and down and down to us the lilting bird notes fall—
Ho, the wonder of it when we hear the April call!

In a magic moment comes the waking of the brook,
And it runs to rouse the roots in meadow land and nook,
Lingers laughingly awhile amid the tangled vine
That has loosed its hold upon the boughs it used to twine;
Hurries on and flurries on, and echoes all along
All the mystic measures of the murmured April song.

Earth and sky have heard it; it has swept across the night,
Touching all the little stars with new and gladder light,
Softening the depths of space until in them appear
All the subtle glories of the morning of the year;
Dead and dull and dark before, and dismal overmuch,
Now the sky of night is answering to April's touch.

Ho, the marvel of it! April's feet upon the hills
Find the olden pathway to the valleys and the rills;
Now the sunshine shimmers in the distance of the day
And the wintry veil of mist is rent and blown away.
Morning songs are singing in the happy hearts of all—
Ho, the music of it when we hear the April call!

—W. D. N., in the Chicago Tribune.

THE PULPIT

Annual Confirmation Class Sermon

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, PREACHED TO ALL SOULS CHURCH IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, APRIL 8, 1906.

"He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought."—From the Persian.

Six hundred and ninety-four years ago this very day the little Italian town of Assizi was beautiful with flowers. The streets were gay with bright costumes. Nobles and peasants were dressed in their very best. The ladies were decked in all their jewelries and fineries, and the girls marched in procession, dressed in white, wearing their pretty gilt crowns, to the churches to celebrate Palm Sunday.

In this procession was little eighteen-year-old Clara, the oldest daughter of Favorino and Ortolano Sciffo, one of the most famed and famous families in the town. She was a petted child, reared midst palatial elegance, already famous for her beauty. She was courted by the accomplished and eminent; suitors many sought her hand, and her doting parents urged the claims of their favorites. But the stately tones of the organ, the sonorous intonations of the priests at the altar, the solemn prayers and the mystic communion, failed to comfort the troubled heart of Clara. When, at the close of the solemn mass, the pretty procession of girls arose, each to receive a palm branch, which they carried down the cathedral isle in token of the triumphal entry of the Man of Nazareth into Jerusalem on the first day of the week, which was to end in the mock trial, the loneliness of the garden and the agony and disgrace of the cross, Clara remained kneeling. She had no heart for the pretty festival. The kind old bishop, touched by the humility and bashfulness of the beautiful girl, descended the altar steps and with his own hand put into her hand her palm branch.

That evening Clara slipped away from the elegance, the comforts, the privileges, the love and the flattery and what her playmates would have called the splendid good times and the high chances—and quietly sought the simple friar, the humble friend of the poor, whose searching words two years before touched her heart with a sense of reality, filled her soul ever more with a hunger for usefulness, a thirst for sincerity. To this, at that time little known and unpopular missionary of the simple life, advocate of the rights of the down-trodden, enemy of sham, and opponent of tyranny, this child fled. Two years before she had heard him preach and his words awakened in her young heart a thirst for righteousness that seemed to make real the Golden Rule and possible the Beatitudes. During these two years she had watched his work and her soul grew more and more dissatisfied with the shows, the jollities and the selfishness of the life about her. With this good man she had conferred and he had promised to welcome her and to help her.

The good brothers were singing their evening hymns and Francis, for such was the name of this humble preacher, read the words of Jesus to his disciples. She promised to try to conform her life to them. She laid aside her golden crown and, at her request, with his own hand the good preacher cut off her golden locks and conducted her to a nunnery that was an hour's walk away.

Of course the next morning her knightly father pursued her in hot indignation; begged her to return,

coaxed her, threatened her, but she was immovable. But the Benedictines in whose nunnery she had found shelter were frightened and she was moved to another convent. Two weeks later her little sister Agnes followed her and begged the privilege of joining her in the quiet life of usefulness which she had chosen. This time the father's fury knew no bounds. With a band of relatives he burst into the convent, seized the child of fourteen, and, in spite of her cries, they roughly dragged her away, but when she fainted in their arms, they were alarmed and dropped the limp body in the field, leaving kind laborers to carry her back into the arms of Clara.

There were other women in the town who were sick of the style, the show, and the wickedness about them, and so one after another came to join Clara and Agnes, and the good Francis helped them form a community, provided for them quarters, and some of his fellow-workers were set apart to provide for their bodily needs. Meanwhile, under the lead of the beautiful Clara, the women set themselves to work to keep clean the altar linen, to spin the flax to make more such, to visit the miserable, to nurse the sick, until, unconsciously, they grew into an order. They called themselves the "Sisters of the Poor," but the world loved to know them by the more endearing name of the "Little Claras."

Clara survived the good pastor Francis twenty-seven years. She lived long enough to see his principles of poverty and submission distrusted by the Pope and ridiculed by the other organizations of the church. She lived to take the place of the great leader—St. Francis of Assizi—in defending the principles of simpler living and high service. Popes and bishops begged of her order to accept property, to accumulate riches, in order that they might do more good, but they dared not oppose her judgment or override her conscience. In her gray gown, fastened at the waist with a rope, deeply hooded and with sandaled feet, she went about blessing the suffering, inspiring the poor, rebuking, when needs be, and leading as she could, the rich into the higher riches.

Francis was the great reformer in the church of the middle ages. The church soon canonized him; he became "Saint Francis" while Clara was still alive. But alongside of the story of Francis stands in history the story of "Santa Clara"—the "Little Sister of the Poor"—who found freedom by escaping from the gilded bars of wealth, an imprisonment which she compared with that of the poor larks that "are kept away from the blue sky, which is their home." When she exchanged her silken gowns for the brown serge, it was not renunciation but freedom; the vow was not one of poverty but the vow of liberty,—liberty to think high thoughts, to do good deeds, to seek the right, and to enjoy the companionship of the truly noble. Clara did not seek salvation by wearing a thorny crown of mortification and prayer; she sought the flowery path of service, of daily usefulness, of humble tasks that were worth doing.

Says Paul Sebastian in his beautiful Life of St. Francis:

"Under the shade of the olive trees of these sisters Francis composed his finest work—that which Ernest Renan called the most prophetic utterances of modern religious sentiment—'The Canticle of the Sun.'"

Beautiful is the story of Sister Clara, the wealthy child who chose to be the "Daughter of the Poor," and found her freedom and joy in loving deeds and high thoughts. But Clara does not stand alone. About one hundred years later, in another Italian town—Sienna—was born Catherine, into the home of a dyer, one famed for the fine quality of his woolen fabrics, which were washed out at the village fountain by his skillful daughters. The youngest one was this Catherine, who became to the Dominican Order what Clara was to the Franciscan,—the Mother Superior of the saintly women. Early she saw visions; gladly she vowed herself to silence and to service; preferred to sleep on a pine board with a log for a pillow. In a vision she took a crown of gold and jewels from her head and placed instead thereof a crown of thorns. To her was given the gift of tongues. Perhaps she was the first of that long line of women who have swayed people by public speech. She became an ambassador at royal courts. She faced bishops and popes and compelled them to square their lives by their pretensions. Art and poetry join with history in glorifying the life of Saint Catherine of Sienna, the poor girl who rose to be a power in kings' palaces and to be a bishop of bishops, now a guide and anon a terror to cardinals and popes,—and she won her power by renunciation.

But not all the saints of history wore serge robes, or lived in nunneries and renounced home joys. Thirteen years after Clara was born in Assizi, Italy, there was born into the home of the King of Hungary Elizabeth, who entered into the joys and delights of a palace. She had a royal lover, and became a happy bride and devoted mother, and, through all this, not in spite of it, became the Mother Bountiful, the benignant hand, the willing feet, that carried sunshine into hovels, that nursed the plague-smitten, cheered the dying, sheltered the orphan, and encouraged the lonely, in such a fashion that she is known in history as "Saint Elizabeth." Church lore abounds in stories of her. Charles Kingsley made her the heroine of his "Saint's Tragedy," and Edwin Markham has made her the theme of one of his beautiful poems—"Christmas Banqueting Time." He tells how—

"From the towers came snatch of song and many a ruddy shout.
Elizabeth was there above, among her maiden band,
Spinning the new-cut wool to warm the naked of her land."

And at the festal board, while others reveled in wine, she rejoiced in simple fare and water from the spring. Her husband thus proudly drank to her health:

"'Now,' cried the Duke: 'Not all the saints have felt the wind of death;
Come, drink to one who walks the Earth, my wife Elizabeth;
And I will pledge her beauty with this water in her cup.'
So, stooping down, he caught and swung her golden goblet up,
And tasted—paused—tasted again, for lo, it was rare wine!
More strangely sweet than any juice pressed from an earthly vine.
'Ho, varlet, from what pipe this wine and from what cellar shelf?'
'From good Saint Kilian's well, sire, and I drew it up myself!'
She flushed; the table stared; the duke looked foolishly about,
The hall so still they heard far bells breaking the night without.
Then up spoke Helias, the Seer: 'I saw the water poured—
Saw, too, an angel bending by our lady at the board,
Pouring with courteous gesture from a flagon of red wine,
Then fading in the brightness of the firelight's dancing shine.'
She heard in glad amaze: he wins God's favor unawares
Who, self-forgot in brother love, a brother's burden bears."

The stories tell of how this lovely Queen in her childhood collected what remained from the table, saved from her own repasts, and carried this saving in her basket to the poor children of the town. She, too, was led from very shame to lay off her golden crown as she knelt in devotion in the presence of the thorn-crowned Master. When caught on a severe winter day carrying in the skirts of her robe bread, meat and eggs for a poor family, she met her husband returning from the chase, he, half-indignant at her ex-

posure, demanded. "What have you here?" blushingly she opened her mantle and lo! he saw naught but red and white roses, fragrant and beautiful, in midwinter. The proud husband took one from her lap, pinned it to his bosom and said, "I wear a rose of Paradise." When she moved through the pest-smitten hospital, little children clung to her robes, crying, "Mutter! Mutter!" When at last her beloved husband, as a Crusader, died far from home, she faded away; no sooner had she breathed her last than her very couch was seized and divided into fragments as holy relics, and her burial place became a shrine to which German peasants went on holy pilgrimages,—so blessed is the life of charity and kindness.

But not all the saints of the church are women. Beautiful as is the story of Clara, the humble, of Catherine, the eloquent, and of Elizabeth, the charitable, the story of the Mother Church is rich with manly saints, masculine heroes, they whose stories will outshine the stories of warriors, whose weapons were more powerful than swords.

Travelers in France frequently come upon images and paintings of an amiable saint carrying little foundlings in his arms or perhaps giving them shelter and care as they cluster at his feet. Here in Chicago, as in most large cities, there is a Catholic charitable organization whose special business it is to care for neglected and helpless orphans, under the title of "The Society of St. Vincent de Paul." Vincent was born in Gascony, at the foot of the Pyrenees, three hundred and thirty years ago. His father was a poor farmer. He began life as a shepherd lad. From his childhood he was marked with sweetness and gentleness. At twenty he took the serge robe and the knotted cord and became a Franciscan. For ten years he studied for the ministry, but at the end of this time, while on a voyage to Marseilles, he was captured by some African pirates and for two years he served as a galley slave, sold from one master to another, until he became the possession of one whose wife had pity on his gentle face, recognized his superiority and his training. She asked him to sing for her. He choked down his tears and chanted,—"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept." Master and mistress accompanied him to Rome and gave him his liberty. He had known the wretchedness of slavery's chains; had known what it was to be sick, friendless and forlorn. He returned to Marseilles and began his life of helpfulness, visiting the criminals in the prisons and the ruffians on the docks. He sought the wretched girls, the abandoned women, and in the interest of such instituted the benignant order of the Sisters of Charity, whose business it was to visit the sick, the poor and the wicked. At last this man who gave his life to the lowest, was sought in the counsels of the mighty and at the bedside of kings. The proud Cardinal Richelieu consulted him, and Louis XIII, when dying, summoned him from the bedside of galley slaves. He established the hospital for foundlings, and when war and turmoil raged he preached peace.

Of course, such an one was soon canonized, and he became "St. Vincent de Paul" in 1747, having died in the 84th year of his age, 84 years before. In Paris there is a great church now that bears his name, which contains an authentic portrait of the old man "with bright, clear eye, broad forehead, silver hair and beard, which fill up the outline suggested by the imagination," says Mrs. Jamison.

But the Catholic church holds no monopoly of saints. Before the Catholic church was, and outside of its pale in Christian history, there have been gentle men and strong women who have "strung the thread of their lives with beads of love and thought."

We have but to think of John Howard giving his life for the prisoners, of Dorothea Dix growing old in the service of the insane, of Lydia Maria Child, she who gleaned our text for us, learned in the religions of the world, loving poetry, no mean poet herself, sacrificing everything in the interest of the slave, willing to leave her place among the most cultured in the city to nurse John Brown in his prison, when he was under sentence to be hung. And then think of her who was a few weeks ago laid to rest, mourned by the nation, honored the round world over, she who devoted her life to an unpopular cause, who in her youth was spurned, scorned, arrested, under sentence of imprisonment,—all for an ideal, an ideal not yet realized. Susan B. Anthony argued well for the enfranchisement of women, but Susan B. Anthony herself was a vindication of her theory, a justification of her claim, more powerful than anything she ever wrote or said. Think of our own Jane Addams,—sickly, alone, with a little patrimony that would have enabled her to live her life comfortably, quietly, easily, among her friends,—but choosing to live among the foreign-born, the unlettered, the uncleanly and perhaps the coarse, but finding happy companionship with peddlers, scrubwomen, saleswomen, draymen and mechanics; finding delightful companionship with Bohemian, Italian, Russian-Jew and modern Greek, over there on Halsted street; making of an old dilapidated, neglected, abandoned mansion the center of a group of buildings that radiate life, cheer, joy; that attract the cultured, the wealthy, the traveled,—the most conspicuous glow point in the city of Chicago.

Do not these non-Catholic saints deserve the halo? Shall we not say "Saint Howard," "Saint Dorothea," "Saint Lydia," "Saint Susan" and "Saint Jane"? Shall we not crown these, aye, many more, whose names have never appeared in the newspaper, who have not written themselves into our history, but who have "strung the threads of their lives with beads of love and thought"—the patient mothers, the thoughtful uncles, the tender aunts, the honest, honorable, happy men and women? Let us today crown them all with a chaplet of roses. All of them should have their palm branch today.

And now, you have waited this long, wondering what of your text; how does all this apply to the pretty verse from the Persian scripture which our St. Lydia Maria Child gleaned for us. You found it among other great texts, in her book on "The Aspirations of the World."

Rosary first meant "a wreath of roses," used in decorating the loved and the lovely. Greek, Egyptian, Mohammedan, as well as Catholic, were wont to count their prayers by the help of beads. Perhaps it was St. Dominic, the friend of St. Catherine, who first used the rosary as a systematic help to devotion. He organized it and made it a part of the church rituals. A complete rosary contains 150 small beads separated into groups of ten by fifteen larger beads, and the devout Catholic, when he goes to his prayers, recites the Pater Noster—the "Our Father"—for each large bead and the Ave Maria—the "Hail Mary, full of grace, our Lord is with thee; Holy Mother of God, pray for us now and at the hour of our death"—. Before beginning the rosary, the devout makes the sign of the cross three times,—once to ward off the devil, once to implore the help of the Holy Trinity, and once to bring to mind the cross of man's salvation.

Again the rosary of one hundred and fifty beads is divided into three parts: The first fifty prayers are to fix the mind on the joyous mysteries,—the gladness of life; the next fifty on the dolorous mysteries,—the sins and sorrows of life, and the last on the glorious mysteries,—the hope and triumphant immortality that awaits us.

We will not this morning say that there is no value in these repetitions. Words do suggest thoughts. Reiteration deepens mental impressions. What the figures, lines and signs on the blackboard are to geometry and algebra,—that the words, the notes, the intonations, the associations, the bended knee, the bowed head and the counted beads may be to the awakening of conscience, the deepening of love, the strengthening of the will. The wise men of the world, the great teachers as well as the great priests and prophets, have appreciated the value of reiteration, of repetition. The old Jew at the close of the Sabbath, the Talmud tells us, would repeat the name of Elias, the prophet, over and over again, arranging the letters in as many different ways as possible. In the Hebrew there were five letters and these could be arranged in one hundred and twenty different ways. The devout Jew found peace and strength, perhaps ecstasy, in pronouncing the name in these one hundred and twenty ways. Such as Elias, Elisa, Elsai, Esail, Lesai, etc., etc., etc.

The Mohammedan has a rosary of ninety-nine beads, each one of which stands for a name of Deity, some favorite synonym of Allah. Such as "The Merciful," "The Compassionate," "The Help in Peril," "The Creator," "The Dominant," "The Provider," "The All-Knower," "The Loving," "The All-Glorious," "The Truth," "The Firm," "The Nearest Friend," "The Ever Living," "The Guide," "The Patient," "The Right," etc., etc. And these he repeats over and over again. It is well; it is their way of chanting their

> "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
> Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
> Holy, holy, holy, Merciful and Mighty,
> Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!"

But, my children, these repetitions have their dangers. Jesus cautioned his disciples against the use of "vain repetitions" in their prayers. It was this danger that the Persian poet saw, perhaps, when he broke out in the words of my text,—

> "He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thought."

A loving deed is the best call to prayer, and a high thought brings God near. Our St. Lydia in finding this text found many others teaching the same lesson. Her beautiful little book, "Aspirations of the Soul," is open before me where you found your text. On the same page I read that,—

> "One came to Mohammed, saying, 'My mother has died; what shall I do for the good of her soul?' and the prophet replied, 'Dig a well that the thirsty may have water to drink.'"

On the opposite page I read a text from the Koran, which says:

> "One hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

And again from the Hindu Bible I read:

> "The Lord of Life should not be worshiped with faded flowers; rather with those that grow in thine own garden; reverence is itself a flower."

Thus I have thought it best to try to illustrate rather than to analyze your text; to prove its beauty and power by the example of men and women who have lived the life of love and thought. And only those who have lived the life of love and thought have entered into the peace and joy of worship. There are many things we want, few things we need. Things—much clothing, much jewelry, the silks and the ribbons, the carriages and the pianos, the comforts and the luxuries, may imprison you as they did sweet Clara of Assizi, and the only escape from this prison is through the gates of love, through the portals of thought.

O the life of trust, of joy, of reverence, is beautiful. If the beads of the rosary help us, let us use them, but the beads of love and thought can never fail to help us and what we love and what we think —these shape our prayers.

Midas, the old King of Phrygia, begged of Bacchus that everything he touched might be turned to gold, and Bacchus, like a true god, granted the prayer. And alas! bread and wine, corn and apples—all turned at his touch into the cold, hard, yellow metal that would not appease hunger or satisfy thirst. He was starving in his golden house and he prayed his Lord to take back the boon. Father Bacchus said, "Go plunge in the stream that flows by the city of Sardis and thou shalt be delivered of thy curse." And Midas was cured of his greed. Now hating wealth, he served Pan, the shepherd god; he loved him who could play the reeds, and when even Apollo played upon his lyre, Midas claimed that Pan on his pipes yielded sweeter music, and Apollo punished his folly by giving him the ears of an ass. He sought to hide his shame by wearing a purple turban to conceal his long ears. But the barber, when he cut his hair, discovered the long ears; he dared not make public the scandal lest the King might behead him, but he could not keep the secret, so he dug a hole in the ground and, stooping down, whispered softly, "King Midas has the ears of an ass," and then he filled up the hole. But rushes grew up out of that spot, and whenever the wind blew the reeds whispered softly, "King Midas has the ears of an ass." So again he was the victim of his thoughts, the slave of his loves.

How important, then, my children, is it for you who would be truly devout, peaceful, joyful, helpful. If you are to become Claras, Janes, Francises, Vincents, and Howards in the world, see to it that you string your lives with beads of love and thought, and thus fashion for yourselves a guide, the rosary of the holy life, which is now, always was and always will be the helpful life, the joyous, cheerful life. So may it be!

Correspondence

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., March 26, 1906.

Will the UNITY *permit an old subscriber and occasional contributor to express his utter dissent from the position editorially taken in the last number, namely, that it was "a great mistake to give the colored race, just released from the shackles of slavery, the full right of suffrage?"*

I write as a lifelong abolitionist and as one who happened to be the first commander of a regiment of freed slaves in the Civil War. I have no time to argue the question here, but I think that no fair-minded man can read such a book as "The South Since the War" (Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1866), containing the result of three months' travel at the South in the autumn of 1865, without seeing that the only path then possible to keep the freed Negroes from being carried back into a condition of substantial slavery was to put the ballot in their hands. In different state conventions laws were being urged forbidding all instruction of them even in reading and writing (as in Georgia, p. 337), against their engaging in any business not requiring manual labor (as in South Carolina, p. 60) and the whole object seemed to get as near slavery as could be done. Other books show the same thing, but I know none which does it from such close observation. This resulted in their political emancipation through the ballot.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Our Poet Shakespeare

William Shakespeare is the greatest name in English literature. He is the shining light of the English-speaking people. He is the genius of the Saxon race. For wit, for wisdom, for ease and felicity of utterance, he is the master.

The world so far in its long history, in its trying to find to express itself worthily on the great themes that confront it, in setting forth myth and fable and fact, has only produced five poets of the first class. They stand without rivals, there is an easy difference between them and those who seemingly approach—in creative energy; in power to take up the thought of their day and express it for the future so as to be worthy of preservation to the end of time—these men are alone. The names, as you know, are Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and perhaps Goethe—though this last name is not finally established to be among them. Some would replace Goethe with Milton—but Shakespeare without any difference of the years in change of thought and fashion is there in his royal robes.

It is a blessing for us to read this foremost man of letters at first hand. His language is ours, and we read and understand well enough his wonderful lines. There are words and phrases notes may elucidate and the vocabulary help, but that settled we have a man appealing to the multitude, he is working for them, his genius is at their service. He is to interest and inspire by whatever charm and quickness of wit he has. There is no laying back for applause. He is lavish in his outpouring. He has a story to tell, he does not mind where he gets it, it is interesting and he is going to make as much of it as he can. His plot comes to its issue, somewhat after the manner of the schools, but more after the manner of the poet and life. He is holding the mirror up to nature—to human nature—so that we can see on the stage these characters work out their destiny without disguise. It is a great treat and the more it is studied the more enjoyable it is.

Here is the richness of genius. Talent after a time wearies and becomes old, genius interests and ever becomes new. Take a play like Hamlet, made out of a rude sketch in his day full of buffoonery, and what a piece of workmanship it is. As a story of tragedy it is put together like jewelry and yet is as strong as steel. You can read it and reread it—and it becomes more interesting and relishable. It grows to be more than itself and has illustration of life in the forgetfulness of love, in the dispair of much willing and little doing. Booth and Irving found such a character to be the study of a lifetime to match the poet's ideal in action.

Read the Merchant of Venice several times and you will find yourself fascinated to ecstacy with the flow, clearness, and strength of the verse—and with the ideas and plot. The single passages like on the Candle, and that on Mercy, are for the play, and not for show and rhetoric. The man had to please *men* but he did it according to his highest power.

There was a very human development to the poet's mind in Shakespeare. He is meeting men all the time. It is fabled he never corrected copy; then he must have been working out passages for his characters and placing them on the boards and fitting them to his performers, while he was busy about the theater. A very small place would do for such a brain to extend its vision and set down its seeing. And it needed this actual knowing of the situations to be their master. The student's theater is different from the one in real life and Shakespeare worked his out in contact with living men. His characters are types but they are Englishmen, whatever time or country they are supposed to hail from. He was himself while writing with all the improvements that time and experience could give.

This has given the critics opportunity to show their better detective skill and acumen in tracing the date of the authorship of some of the plays, and putting them together in new order of progressive unfoldment. Very good. He had to grow like a man, that is part of genius even—but genius makes such amazing strides with its seven-league boots that we are puzzled to account for it. Talent, like a tree of any species, has a limited height; genius has no limit that we can see. It is one of the marks and evidences of our latent immortality—our capacity for it and our power of using and enjoying it. The origin of genius has nothing to do with it, or a number of other things. There it is and it shines with its own light and is golden always. Shakespeare, if he had been born in a palace, was beyond it. If he were the man of Avon, all the more did he glorify our low estate.

It is said he has no philosophy of life. He is an onlooker. He is witnessing the play of the days and the years. It is the ordinary of life made interesting by giving kings and clowns, the nobility and the mob, the soldier and the peasant, an opportunity to show themselves, and by their action manifest what life is. You can explain it yourself if you want. He leaves it to you with the speeches ringing in your ears and the gayety of sorrow right before you. Still the uneasy conscience of Macbeth means something, the disappointment of unholy ambition gaining its ends—means something. The lily hand incarnadined with blood that oceans will not wash clean—means something that comes very near saying there is a power that makes for righteousness in the world—and due notice is given to all men to look out for it.

When Lear in self-infatuation of vanity wants to measure the love of his daughters, and rewards them according to the surface sparkle of words without discernment of character which makes them of legal tender or worthless—he is but playing the fool part common to man.

Had Shakespeare no teaching for princes and principalities when the old man is driven out in the storm and has to face the bitter, biting world, the inclemency of the weather with only one tattered remnant of humanity at his side? The kings of earth do now, it is said, fortify themselves against fate by munificent fortunes stored away in other lands than their own. The poet dared to give a philosophy of brotherhood that seems to me of tremendous import and significance.

He preaches by fact, and the man must be dull who reads Julius Cæsar, wherein Brutus is played upon by Cassius—and he cannot see how wily the wicked are to work their own ends—and how easy to work is the virtue of a good man when vanity can be touched. That innocence could be entrapped is shown here and in Othello, and was much in evidence in the poet's mind.

He loves laughter that speaks the vacant mind if you will. There was a funny side to life and his comedy could not afford to miss it. An ounce of fun was worth a ton of gravity in his eyes. We love the man who contributes his share of sunshine to our days, who breaks the silence of the forest with merry echoes as if the wood-nymphs and fairies still were here. He was not afraid that his laughter would disturb high heaven—any more than children playing in the basement are afraid their play is to bring down on them condemnation. The player was looked upon as exceedingly wicked in those days because he wanted to

smooth out the seams of care with the radiance of smiles.

He saw the serious side of life as the poet only can see it. Life is not all song and laughter—light flowers must blossom on strong boughs which are to turn to fruit. He has spoken as strongly as human speech may the sorrow side of the years. He must have passed through some abyss of dark disappointment before he wrote his sonnets bewailing the inconstancy of friendship's life and love. But before he penned his tragedies, he must have suffered all that mortals can. It is not a painted picture he gives us—it is life—and behind it the man must have known and felt its bitterness and pain. The tone of sorrow is so deep and pathetically real, and from that fiery furnace the pure gold of noble utterance has come. And he can make the villain talk scripture as when Iago speaks of reputation.

He was said to be aristocratic in his tastes. Royalty is none too good for him. We have not outgrown the fault of his times yet—and we must have the purple and fine linen, and the gold chain, the crown and the shining sword to make a man presentable to us. He followed the law of the times, but he is very democratic with his kings and courtiers and he shows them as part of the common herd in their desires and deeds, and in their need of amendment. They are men and women of common life in this rich setting. They are not the nobility of their trappings. They are the creation of the genius who looked out on the world with such eyes to see.

He lets all the world in on his stage because they are here by the allowance of one who has the centuries wherein to work and the plot, and the curtains of life and death to move to make it all clear. He is holding the mirror up to nature, and the impartiality of his love is a lesson of toleration and kindness that is worth thinking about. The troubles of life come from evil desires and determinations, and if a man will have his fill of husks, then the consequence.

It all seems to end in darkness because in the five acts that is all that can be worked out. He is not speaking in these scenes of what is beyond them. Their significance is in what man may do for himself and others in the space of his vision, and in the kingdom that belongs to him. That the future will straighten out the entanglement does not annul our obligation of doing the better thing here and now. Before we have heaven in the future, it must make its appearance in the present. And our selfishness and cruelty must not be glossed over with the shining remarks of unmeaning optimism. Real optimism is the believing in the divine power we have of giving beauty for ashes.

But there is suggestion to all earnest souls that something more is to follow. All the yesterdays have not lighted fools and wise men alike to dusty death. The brave man dies with a firm unfaltering trust in his heart that he lies down to pleasant slumber—and if to sleep—why, then to wake. We must see an ending worthy of the setting of the play of life and all it has cost, the millions of the children of men through the centuries and the centuries. The Great Playwright, who gave this golden gift of seeing men, must himself see clearly and know the outcome of the raising of the curtain on the several scenes of life.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

In the dark background of history there is now much evidence that at some point, play, art and work were not divorced.—*G. Stanley Hall.*

THE STUDY TABLE

A List of Books for Children Under Seven Years of Age

(The following list was compiled by an able literary woman. The books were read aloud by her to her little niece, who received them with much enjoyment.)

Old Greek Stories.

Stories of Siegfried. By James Baldwin.

The Greek Heroes. By Charles Kingsley.

Old Norse Stories. By Hamilton W. Mabie.

Stories from Old Germany.

Legends of Norseland. By Marie Pratt.

Great Americans for Little Americans. By Edward Eggleston.

The Book of Golden Deeds. By Mrs. Muloch Craik.

Sage of King Olaf. By H. W. Longfellow.

Stories Mother Nature Told.

Ten Little Boys on the Road from Long Ago to Now. By Jane Andrews.

Queer Pets at Mercy's. By Olive T. Miller.

Ting-a-ling Tales.

Beeman of Orme. By Frank Stockton.

French Country Family. By Mme. Quizot. (Trans. by Mrs. Craik.)

Notes

A group of books lies on my table, as I return from Florida, indicative of one of two things, or possibly both; of a great rise of optimism in religious matters or of a new interpretation of Jesus—impossible until the present time. The first of these is by an anonymous author, whose work appears in the Crown Theological Library, entitled "The Religion of Christ in the Twentieth Century." It is based on Lessing's famous apothegm, "The Christian religion has been tried for eighteen centuries; the religion of Christ remains to be tried." It is a magnificent sweeping away of the dogmas and heathenish inheritances, which constitute the ordinary religious pabulum of the churches—or have constituted it until a very recent date. Among these dogmas he does not hesitate to place that of the atonement. The ritual gets just as prompt a dismissal, with its clouts and gowns, and general twaddle—with not half as much salvation in them as there is in the multiplication table or a spelling book. He believes that the twentieth century is steadily getting down to the realities of religion and the common sense of manhood.

Right alongside this book you may place "Jesus an Unfinished Portrait," by Rev. Charles Van Norden; published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., of New York. We have known the author from his boyhood up and have watched with intense interest his development. He has grown from an inherited acceptance of the current theology into a reverent spirit of love for Jesus as the man, dropping as utterly worthless the ritualism and the dogmas, while he has retained the spirit of love and charity. Indeed, Dr. Van Norden classes dogmatism and ecclesiasticism with capitalism, as alike to be dethroned in the church. When this is done he believes that will appear as religion which constituted the character of Christ—charity of thought and deed, and a virtuous life. It is a bold book, full of optimism, which sees the future of an eternal evolution. One of his closing sentences is a good summary of his position. "Assuming him to be a veritable man, inbreathed of the Spirit of God, yet still himself, humanity appears in him, expanding into sublime possibilities, and in our very failure to satisfactorily analyze we take courage, aspire and strive."

From Funk & Wagnalls I also receive Leroy-Beaulieu's "United States in the Twentieth Century." This is one of the best books that has ever yet appeared concerning the United States, either from the hand of a native or a foreigner. It is a volume that ought to be in the hands of every thinking American. His discussion of our merchant marine service is a capital answer to the subsidy bill, now hanging fire before Congress. You may place the book with Bryce's "American Commonwealth," as of almost equal importance and equal worth. He discusses the immigration question, trusts, tariffs, railway arrogance, and all of our domestic industries as well as our foreign trade, with a thoroughness that no American citizen has ever applied to the subject.

From Funk & Wagnalls Co. I get "Literature: Its Principles and Problems," by Theodore W. Hunt. It is evidently the purpose of the author to discuss in this volume some of the fundamental topics that emerge in any thorough study of so comprehensive and vital a subject as literature, such as the guiding principles and methods of literature; its scope and mission; its primary aims and processes and forms; the laws that govern its orderly development, and its logical relation to other great departments of human thought; its specifically intellectual and æsthetic quality; its informing genius and spirit. As the discussion goes on its ultimate aim appears as that of suggestion and stimulus along the lines of inquiry that are opened and examined. The treatise is thus an eminently thoughtful presentation, and designed to awaken thought in every careful reader of its pages. It is especially to be commended to all students of literature with the assurance that they will find its conclusions substantially sound and its final impression invigorating and inspiring.

Two immense volumes, by B. L. Putnam Weale, entitled, "The Reshaping of the East," are sent to me by the Macmillan Company. One might judge that we had had enough recently published on the affairs here discussed, but it is clear that we needed this book. Mr. Weale speaks a large number of the Eastern languages, and is personally familiar with the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Coreans. The two volumes are intensely and vividly interesting, and are illustrated without stint. The discussion of the war, so brilliantly fought by Japan, constitutes but one feature of the book. I have nowhere else found so complete and graphic a picture of the state of affairs in China; illustrated historically as well as from present conditions. The style of the book is excellent, from a literary standpoint. I am not sure but he is slightly inclined to exaggerate the Chinese question. But we shall soon find out. It looks now as if the United States would soon be taught a lesson in international courtesy—in spite of its bragadocio and political cowardice. It will be found that justice is a law of Nature; and you cannot eliminate it safely from the acts of Congress. E. P. Powell.

Little Sister—Oh, mamma, Georgie has just upset the tea table an' broken my dolly an' all your nice dishes.

Little Brother (badly frightened)—Yes, mamma, an' let's be sorry, but don't let's be mad!—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Field Secretary

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

A Great Moral Upheaval in America

The above is the title of an important article in a recent issue of the *Nineteenth Century* by Admiral Sir C. A. G. Bridge. From his point of vantage the author selects the striking phenomena which characterize the landscape of this country along ethical and moral lines. He groups together a series of facts which indicate a widespread revival of moral enthusiasm and the development of ethical power on a large scale. The revolt against the boss and the machine is one phase of the revolt against corruption which he emphasizes. The investigation of the great insurance companies carried on "with almost relentless fervor" is another. The movement against the laxity of divorce laws in different states is a third phase of the moral upheaval, and the protest against brutality and commercialism in college athletics is an additional indication of the advancing standards of the country. Much of the inspiration of these widespread upheavals Admiral Bridge credits to the leadership of President Roosevelt, whose conspicuous and aggressive integrity have given courage to those who are eager for purity of life in all its phases. However we may differ with this distinguished author, either in the causes assigned or in the movements characterized, the facts he instances in justification of his conclusion that there has been a great moral revolution in this nation are certainly beyond doubt or cavil. We recently characterized this movement in these columns as a revival in religion, and in the last issue of the *Outlook* we find in an editorial comment on the above article by Admiral Bridge the following language used: "The moral upheaval in America is the truest and most beneficent kind of a revival in religion; for what is needed even more than the filling of the churches and the swelling of gifts for religious purposes is honesty in dealing, man with man; a deep and quick sense of responsibility of the public servant to the public that trusts him, and a quickened conscience on the part of every man who holds the relation of a trustee to a group of men or to the community. It is the social conscience which has been touched, and the revival now in progress means not primarily the saving of individual men from their sins but the redemption of great communities and the reinvigoration of the moral life of States."

In any catalogue of the great moral movements of this country in recent years there should certainly be found a record of the trend of religion away from theology and ecclesiasticism unto coöperation, fellowship and unity. How widespread the movement toward religious federation or coöperation really is in this country only those who have given special attention to the subject fully realize, but we were interested to learn of the still greater progress recently made in the foreign mission field, where Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists have united in union educational and even theological institutions. Such an institution is the North China Union College (Union-harmony is the meaning of the Chinese word cut in the stone over the doorway), recently organized by three great denominations, which have not yet joined forces in this country; and the Union Medical College, to which the Empress Dowager of China recently contributed 10,000 taels, and the North China Union Theological Seminary—these institutions show

how denominational boundaries are giving way before the practical needs and the Christian brotherliness of those who are devoting their lives to the building up of the kingdom of God in this foreign land. Difficulties are certainly serious and opposition will long remain very strong, but the principle of religious fellowship and practical coöperation grows apace. We believe it is true that accessions to churches, which are seemingly growing more numerous, are only the minor part of the evidence of the great revival of religion that is sweeping over the country. It is well to pray "Thy kingdom come," but it is also needful that our eyes be open to see it coming. C. A. O.

Jesus and the Program of Church Federation

Errett Gates, Professor in Chicago University.

The aim of the Church Federation movement is the closer fellowship and coöperation of the followers of Christ. It is one of the most important efforts on the part of American Christians to put an end to the weakness and open reproach of Protestant Christendom—a divided and conflicting church. It is a form of union, and by so much undertakes to answer the prayer of Christ, "that they all may be one." That its object, as expressed in the resolutions of the recent conference in New York, is in agreement with the desire of Christ, will be questioned by few persons. "The object of this Federal council shall be: (1) To express the fellowship and catholic unity of the Christian Church. (2) To bring the Christian bodies of America into united service for Christ and the world." This embodies the very essence of the spirit of Christ.

But underlying this entire scheme of federation are two vital principles, namely: (1) The recognition of the essential Christian character of those who profess faith in Jesus Christ and do his work, and (2) the duty of all such to coöperate in the doing of those things recognized as truly Christian and in common. Such seems to me to be a true program of Christian union. It provides for (1) the beginning of Christian union in practical service where union already exists in spirit and purpose, and for (2) the practice of Christian union as far and as fast as it comes. A way has thus been found for Christians to begin to work together without giving up anything that any one may hold as distinctive, either in name, plea, doctrine or organization. The only thing it does call upon the various religious bodies to give up (if they are so un-Christian as to hold it) is the gospel of denominational bigotry which declares: "We are the true church of Christ, and the other organizations are not churches of Christ. There is but one church and we are that one. Those who differ from us are apostate; and to federate with them would be to recognize them as Christian."

This spirit, of which the above is an expression, is the same in kind as that which engineered the Spanish Inquisition, sent the Duke of Alva into the Netherlands to crush the Dutch, burned Servetus at the stake, exiled Roger Williams from Massachusetts Bay colony, and drove Thomas Campbell out of the Seceder church. Church Federation does ask those entering into it to give up this spirit, and to cease treating each other as enemies of Christ to be denounced in his name, to be held up to ridicule, and to be preyed upon and destroyed as apostate. It does ask the various bodies not to permit minor differences in doctrine and organization to unchristianize each other. Why should one body refuse to receive another body whom Christ has received and upon whom he has set his seal in the unmistakable testimony of Christ-like characters and services?

The churches have too long violated the spirit of Christ by dragging into their relationship with each other the spirit of the world and the marketplace. Each has cried up his own doctrine and order by crying down the other's. The outside world has looked on with amusement and contempt. If Church Federation accomplishes nothing more than the cessation of hostility between the churches, and takes away the unseemly scandal of competition in sacred things, it will remove one cause of weakness in the message of Christ.

What would be Christ's answer to the religious body that should say: "We cannot coöperate with the denominations in this federation movement, because to do so would be to treat them as Christian, when they do not bear a New Testament name or copy the New Testament form of organization, or teach the gospel just as we do, who are truly Christian. We recognize the good they are doing, the souls they are saving in this and other lands; but we cannot federate with them, for that would be to declare as legitimate some things we have come to destroy." Christ's answer would be that which he made to the disciples when they came to him, saying: "Teacher, we saw one casting out demons in thy name, and we forbade him, because he followed not us." But Jesus said: "Forbid him not; for there is no man who shall do a mighty work in my name, and be able quickly to speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is for us."

Why Christians for all these centuries have forgotten the largeness and consistency of the spirit of Christ, is beyond comprehension. Why they have quoted familiarly the saying of Christ, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and have applied it as a test to everything but the relationship of Christians with each other, is still more perplexing. How any professing Christian can find sanction in the spirit and teaching of Jesus for sectarian isolation and pride is the marvel of sectarian perversity. Such narrowness in a Christian of the twentieth century makes the Phariseeism in a Jew of the first century seem charitable in comparison with it. The tithing of mint, annis and cummin seems defensible in a Jew of the first century, in comparison with the sanctifying of names, opinions and organization in a Christian of the twentieth century. The God of Mount Gerizim or Mount Ebal was scarcely less spiritual or Christian than the God of "our denomination," or "our brotherhood," or "our peculiar views." Both fall short of the conception of that God who is spirit, and must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. I cannot conceive of a God who is so partial to "our peculiar views" that he will withhold his presence and help, or advise us to withhold our coöperation from other religious bodies until they accept "our position." I could not have much confidence in a God who should limit his saving coöperation to a million people, when many millions were pleading for his coöperation and were doing their best to carry out his purpose in his way in the uttermost parts of the earth. The logic of federation is very simple. If the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ is working with the various religious bodies to will and to do, of his good pleasure, who am I that I should be more select in my company than God, and refuse to coöperate where he coöperates.—*From the Christian Century.*

Books Received

From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.: The Twentieth Century Christ. By "Paul Karishka" (nom de plume). 12mo. Cloth. $1.

From The Press Publishing Co.: The World Almanac and Encyclopedia. 1906. 600 pp. 25 cents.

From A. C. McClurg & Co.: Future Life. By Louis Elbe. Authorized translation. 12mo. Cloth. 382 pp. $1.20 net.

True Light Publishing Co.: The Divine Man. By Joseph Ware. 8vo. Cloth. 278 pp.

Thomas Whittaker: The Eternal Religion. By J. Brierley, B. A. 12mo. Cloth. 310 pp.

Macmillan & Co.: In Memoriam. By Alfred Lord Tennyson. New edition.

Dynamic Factors in Education. By M. V. O'Shea, University of Wisconsin. 12mo. Cloth. 320 pp. $1.25 net.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Revival of Righteousness.

The events of the week have all told distinctly for righteousness. After many years of the apparent triumph of iniquity, and the rule of the boss, the successful breaker of the law, saloon reign and general unrighteousness, the people are asserting themselves. Democratic government takes a great stride forward. The fundamental principles of our fathers as to popular government are bearing the test and the future is bright with promise. In the Chicago municipal election the best elements are victorious and intelligent independent voting clearly manifest; in the coal struggle some of the mine owners and some of the miners' leaders give evidence of sanity and humanity; in the Dowie revelations the fundamental moral consciousness of man is seen in the revolt of Zion and its indignant repudiation of iniquity. The people who believe in righteousness may take courage and work with new vigor against iniquity.

Chicago Election Returns.

The Chicago municipal election was of national, indeed of world-wide importance. The question as to whether a great municipality can be governed righteously through popular government, and the question as to whether it can govern, control and operate successfully its own public utilities advanced toward a satisfactory answer. Chicago gave further evidence of the intelligence and good intentions of its voters. Evidently its citizens inform themselves as far as possible upon the matters upon which they are called to vote. The re-election of almost every alderman who voted for the $1,000 license, in spite of the saloon influence, confirms the impression that the saloon element has seen its day and can never regain the influence of the past. A clean council in the main is a great honor to the city and prophetic of the future. With the increased police force, and, what is more important, with the support of the enormous influence of the large majority of its citizens against crime and corruption, Chicago may expect that the government and police will reduce open and secret iniquity to a minimum. Life will be safe and the best elements of true living will advance.

The Coal. Strike.

The coal strike has its encouraging features. All of the mines, anthracite and bituminous, were shut down April 2, the anthracite not due to a strike but waiting for the settlement of the questions at issue, the bituminous on strike. The break in the ranks of both operators and miners is important and cheering. The operators of the bituminous mines in western Pennsylvania, as well as some in other states, will grant the demands of the miners, restoring the wage scale of 1903, or about 5 per cent increase over the present scale. The Illinois operators unitedly refuse. This condition shows, without reflecting particularly upon the character of the Illinois operators, that there are differences in employers as well as employees. Some are willing to consider the interests of the working man as well as their own. The astuteness and great ability and power of John Mitchell are in the far front. He is a remarkable man. When labor is guided by and follows the leadership of such men, and capital is guided and controlled by regard for the highest interests of humanity, the millenium seems not so distant. Mr. Mitchell again gives evidence of his ability to meet a great crisis by offering in the anthracite case to turn the matter over to arbitration. This seems fair. Whether the operators will grant the request remains to be seen. The break in the bituminous ranks means that there will be no paralysis of industry and apparently, because of competition, the demands of the miners will ultimately be granted. This must carry weight also in the anthracite field. Here has been a battle of diplomacy and brain that is refreshing after the past history of force and bloodshed.

Prophet Dowie is Deposed.

The Dowie fiasco suddenly occupies the public eye. All outside of Dowie's followers have expected sooner or later a collapse, but the present situation was unexpected. The extravagance of Dowie and consequent jeopardy of the financial interests at Zion City have been apparent. Yet the first apostle had seemed to be able to cope with the situation. That he duped his followers was also evident, but that he should be so morally corrupt is unexpected and disgusting. Once more and in our immediate history is manifested that peculiar psychopathic hypnotic power of certain individuals who arise in every age and secure enormous followings. But once more is seen the mightier force of fundamental righteousness. Zionites in the main were sincere in their desire for righteousness. They cannot be led into corruption. Once let the matter be placed in a clear light and they must repudiate iniquity. It may seriously be doubted whether Dowie can rouse his followers as in the past. There is a tremendous moral heroism in the leaders of Zion in attempting to do what they are doing. Has Voliva a moral right to use his power of attorney to alienate the whole property from Dowie? That was the simplest way. But would it not have been better to have returned the power of attorney and applied for a receiver to protect the interests of Zion? This would have meant law suits and interminable trouble. But are not these certain to obtain now?

Affairs in Venezuela.

The report that an armed expedition, fitted out in Europe and assisted from the United States, will invade Venezuela and depose President Castro receives credence as such an affair would seem to be in accord with our times and temper. Whatever may be the selfish aims behind such an affair, the bringing of stable and honest government is the great need of South America as of the North.

The Algeciras matter is settled with apparent unanimity, good feeling and results advantageous to civilization; also in accord with the forecast published in the Watch Tower. The integrity of Morocco is preserved; Germany gains her point on this and the matter of equal commercial rights; France obtains predominant influence in policing and banking affairs; the German emperor continues a power in European diplomacy.

Rebellion in Hungary.

The serious quarrel between Hungary and Austria, and Hungarian rebellion against the will of the emperor, is peacefully and honorably settled. The immediate election will be held according to present law. Proper provision for the government will be made. Then the parliament will pass a bill adopting universal suffrage and will dissolve, allowing the election of a new parliament under universal suffrage. The government will be formed by the new parliament. Thus human rights will be advanced again and all the world will rejoice.

Elections in Russia.

In Russia the first elections by the people are being held. The first parliament is being chosen. The elections thus far have been orderly and the voters have shown intelligence and intense interest. The returns thus far are in favor of the constitutional democrats. This seems to indicate a peaceful and healthful solution of Russian internal difficulties, though the past would not warrant such a result. The gathering of the representatives and their consequent action will be awaited with interest.

The Week in Washington.

The result of the immunity decision by Judge Humphrey seems to be a renewed activity in Washington to meet the difficulty. A tenser activity in regard to the railway rate bill is noted. The address of Senator Elkins, indicating what he called weakness in the bill, was of the highest order. The new amendment, which has the approval of the president, seems to meet the need of court review and protects the intent of the bill. The rise of the demand for federal license for all corporations doing an interstate business seems to be opportune and a thoroughly acute provision for the restraint and control of the great corporations. Is it a case of stronger safes and new devices by the burglars? May we ever expect that men may be trusted to seek the good of their fellows without compulsion?

Woman Suffrage in Rhode Island.

Woman suffrage takes a great step forward. The Rhode Island senate has passed a bill providing that women may vote for the presidential electors. This indicates that it is only a question of time when women will have equal rights of suffrage with men. However much some people may deprecate such an idea, we can hardly expect that women will sit idle with the great questions of humanity pressing upon their minds and hearts, and permit men to play with vital issues. That they are increasingly interested and intelligently active in questions of government is evident. That they will eventually help settle these questions by their votes is increasingly apparent. E. P. T.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—What healthy-minded men and women care about is immediate and personal salvation, the art of right conduct, the art of successful daily living.

MON.—To discover in what the worth of conduct genuinely consists we must go to sincere daily life, to experience.

TUES.—The community can well enough do without me, but I cannot do without the community.

WED.—The history of evolution is the history of goals attained and passed and forgotten, but in the whole chain of events not one of them was unnecessary, from the smallest to the most august.

THURS.—The moral person is the one who manifests in his own life the true requirements of morality, efficiency and worth.

FRI.—No man is wholly free, but when he comes to recognize that the jailer is within he knows at least on what ground the struggle for freedom is to be fought out.

SAT.—The moral man is not the one who unreflectively does the meanest thing at hand which happens to be good, but the one who seeks the utmost of good fortune, the thing that is most eminently worth while.

—From the Children of Good Fortune, by C. Hanford Henderson.

An Easter Brood

With bits of sticks and wisps of hay I've made a little nest;
I've chosen from my Easter eggs the ones that I like best;
And now I'll get the old white hen, and set her on all six,
So she'll hatch out some red and blue and pink and yellow chicks.

—Harriet Brewer Sterling, in St. Nicholas.

Something to Please the Children

Something to please the children,
Something to entertain!
Shall I dance, my dears, or wiggle my ears,
Or balance myself on a cane?
Shall I stand at the parlor casement
And sing to the crowd below?
Or pour hot tea over Grandma's knee
In a comical way I know?
Something to please the children;
Anything droll will do!
Shall I lash myself to the mantel shelf
And poke my feet up the flue?
Shall I spill hot wax on the carpet
Or cover my nose with soot,
Or gum my hair, or drop a chair
On the top of my gouty foot?
Something to please the children;
Something that's light and gay!
Shall I whistle and scream at the butcher's team
So the horses will run away?
Shall I hang the cat to the curtain,
Or scare Aunt Jane with a mouse?
Shall I stutter and groan through the telephone
And then set fire to the house?
Something to please the children;
Nothing that's trite and tame!
They crow with glee as they come to me—
I'm never at a loss for a game.
They greet me as Uncle Henry,
And jolly good times they see
In the jovial ways and genial plays
Of an elderly man like me.

—Wallace Irwin, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Outer-Rim Schools

Instead of huddling the children into down-town buildings with scarcely more space than that upon which the structure stands, these schools should be established upon the outer rim of the city, in the forest reserve in Chicago, if it shall be acquired; if not, then in suburban parks. Each school should have at least five acres of ground (about the size of a city block in Hyde Park), which would not only insure good light, fresh air and a reasonable freedom from noise, but would also provide a fair space for different industries, for various phases of horticulture, and for field study. Such surroundings, sanitary and beautiful, would at once change the attitude of the children into one of friendliness toward all kinds of learning, and it would be possible to open up for them many ways of earning an honest livelihood that now are undreamed of. With an abundance of ground it would not be necessary to erect buildings with so many stories as is done now, where land is expensive. The shops, workrooms, and laboratories could be in separate buildings, well lighted and ventilated, and apart from the quieter literary work of the school.

The rapid and marked improvements in urban transportation facilities that have been made within the past decade have removed the most serious difficulties that hitherto would have stood in the way of such a plan for suburban schools. At the worst, this proposed carrying of school children in the cities cannot possibly be fraught with greater difficulties than those which have been met and overcome in the country districts in several of our states—where the schools have been centralized. On the face of it, nothing could seem more nearly impossible to many people than the proposition to gather up in wagons and to carry to one point, in all weathers, the scattered school population of a country township; yet it is being done, with practically everything in its favor which relates to the edueation of children.

The cost of establishing and maintaining these suburban schools need not exceed the expense of those already existing down-town. The grounds could be purchased for a much smaller sum than the sites are worth where the schools are now located, and the buildings, of course, need cost no more. The pupils should be carried free of charge, as far as they are personally concerned, in accordance with the same principle under which they are now furnished with free textbooks.

In order to provide for this part of the traffic, it is not likely that the means of transportation would have to be materially increased beyond what it should be at present in order to accommodate fairly well the general public. For, in the morning, when the children would be outward bound, the principal movement of the street car patronage is towards the central business districts, while in the afternoon, when the children would have to return, the people generally would be traveling in the other direction.—*Wilbur S. Jackman in the Elementary School Teacher.*

Listeners Never Hear Any Good of Themselves

Three little crickets, sleek and black,
Whose eyes with mischief glistened,
Climbed up on one another's back
And at a keyhole listened.

The topmost one cried out, "Oho!
I hear two people speaking!
I can't quite see them yet, and so—
I'll just continue peeking."

Soon Dot and Grandma he could see—
Tea-party they were playing;
And as he listened closely, he
Distinctly heard Dot saying:

"This pretty little table here
Will do to spread the treat on
And I will get a cricket, dear,
For you to put your feet on."

The cricket tumbled down with fright;
"Run for your life, my brothers!
Fly, fly!" He scudded out of sight;
And so did both the others.

—Carolyn Wells, in St. Nicholas.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

A REMARKABLE FIND AT THEBES.—Under date of February 20, Mr. Edward Naville writes to the *Journal de Genève* the first announcement of the wonderful success that has attended the excavations made under his direction at Deir el Bahari, Thebes. Carrying on excavations begun some two years ago at his suggestion by the Egypt Exploration Fund, M. Naville has just had the extreme satisfaction of discovering, practically intact, a chapel of the goddess Hathor, the Egyptian goddess of love and festivity.

Mr. Naville tells of various lesser finds in the immediate vicinity, including what seemed like the lower part of a door-post with an inscription to Amon and Hathor; a little further on a statue of black granite, representing a seated scribe of the time of Rameses II, in absolutely perfect condition. This roused expectation of something more, for it could not be that this statue was absolutely alone. Nevertheless, days passed with no new discovery, till one day, as he was standing talking with a visitor, one of the native overseers came in breathless haste to announce the opening of a chamber covered with inscriptions and containing the statue of an ox. What follows is best given as nearly as possible in his own words:

"I had taken but a few steps when I saw over the heap of refuse the top of a small vault. As soon as the opening was large enough for me to enter, I found myself in a very pretty little chapel of the goddess Hathor, the goddess of the mountain of the west, almost always represented by a cow. The mural paintings are wonderfully fresh. The chapel, which is about four metres in length, is almost empty, save for some débris at the entrance, which has suffered somewhat because the door is wanting. The goddess, the cow, is life size and in excellent preservation, lacking only the top of the right ear.

"The discovery dates from Wednesday, the 7th. It was not till two days later that we were able to get the entrance of the chapel entirely cleared and contemplate at our ease this astonishing find, which, up to the present time, is unique of its kind. So far as I know, it is the first time that a sanctuary has been found with the divinity intact, and especially of such size. The cow is of gres, painted reddish brown in color, with black spots, resembling exactly Egyptian cows of the present day; the modeling of it, too, is remarkable. The head, which was gilded, as were the horns, bears the emblems of the goddess, the lunar disc surmounted by two plumes. The cow is suckling a young king, who is represented again, a man grown, under the muzzle of the animal. The figure of the king has suffered slightly, no doubt when the gold was removed from the head. It is Amenophis II, son of Thothmes III, whose sculptures cover the walls. He has inscribed his name on the neck of the goddess, among the stalks and blossoms of papyrus, which hang to the ground, as she is supposed to be just coming out of the water.

"The chapel itself is excavated in a very friable marlstone; this has been protected by a lining of gres, carved and painted with scenes of worship and sacrifice by King Thothmes III to the goddess, represented now as a woman wearing the lunar disc, now as a cow just issuing from a sanctuary. The vaulted ceiling, as usual, is blue, spangled with yellow stars. The style of the sculpture is excellent and the colors are of great brilliancy. A landslide from the mountain must have closed the entrance to the chapel at an early day, thus protecting it, while the destruction of the rest of the edifice is almost complete.

"What will be done with this beautiful find? It is impossible to leave it where it is. Even an iron door at the entrance of the chapel would not suffice. The cow ought certainly to go to the museum at Cairo. A work of such importance and such beauty would be too unsafe in as isolated a place as Deir el Bahari. I know there are guards all the year, but one can hardly imagine the solitude of this region, where the people of the country do not like to stay in summer because of the oppressive heat. So I certainly hope the Bureau of Antiquities will have the lining of the chapel removed, and rebuild the habitation of the goddess in the museum at Cairo. I beg the pardon of next year's tourists, who will not see, as we did, Hathor issuing from the mountain. I grant that they will be deprived of a most impressive sight, but since the goddess consents to show herself after having remained concealed for nearly three thousand years, pray let us take good care and see that no harm comes to her.

"P. S.—I had scarcely written the above when orders came from M. Maspero to remove both cow and sanctuary, which will form one of the most beautiful ornaments of the Cairo museum. The work has been begun; the cow has come out of her chapel, where we can see and admire in full liberty her artistic beauty. I believe artists will unanimously agree that the unknown sculptor who made her was a very clever modeler of animals."

In its issue of March 21, *La Patrie Suisse* reproduces three interesting views of these treasures, sent by Mr. Naville to his family in Geneva. One is a view of the chapel when first found, showing part of the mural decorations and the figure of the goddess, still in position. The others, taken after the work of removal had begun, show the statue out in the open air, one being a side and the other a rear view of the animal with its imposing head-dress.

Geneva is naturally greatly pleased over this affair, not merely because the find was made by a Genevan Egyptologist, but also because, through the Geneva Auxiliary to the Egypt Exploration Fund, many of its citizens had contributed generously toward defraying the cost of the present researches. It was very fitting therefore that the *Journel de Genève* should be the medium of announcing their gratifying result.

M. E. H.

GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

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Addressed By College Heads

Northern Indiana Teachers in Session at Lafayette.

LAFAYETTE, IND., April 6.—David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, and W. O. Thompson, president of Ohio State University, were the speakers at tonight's session of the Northern Indiana Teachers' Association. Dr. Jordan discussed "The Call of the Twentieth Century" and President Thompson "Education."

It was decided to hold the 1907 convention in South Bend.

Tomorrow the final session will be held and officers elected. Purdue University will be the host.—*Record-Herald.*

Episcopal Church Congress

Important Topics to Be Discussed by Noted Speakers in Philadelphia in May.

The Episcopal Church Congress is this year to be held in Philadelphia, the dates being May 15 to 18. The congress opens with a service in St. James' Church, with an address by Bishop Peterkin, of West Virginia. The first regular session of the congress will be in the evening of Tuesday, May 15, when "The Problem of Child Protection" will be discussed by Professor James H. Dillard of New Orleans, Professor S. M. Lindsey of New York, and several others. At the session Wednesday afternoon the topic will be "The Relation of Art to Religion and Life," and in the evening of the same day, "The Ethics of Legal Practice" will be discussed by Bishop Edsall of Minnesota, Hon. Alton B. Parker of New York, and others.

Speakers on Thursday afternoon include Bishop Gailor of Tennessee and several leading clergymen, the topic being "The Idea of God," and at the evening session there will be a discussion of the "Liberty and Limits of Creed Interpretation," with speakers drawn from both the orthodox and liberal clergy. On Friday, the last day, "The Adaptation of Christianity to Japanese Life" will be considered at the afternoon session, and in the evening Bishop McVickar of Rhode Island and Bishop Burgess of Brooklyn will be among those to consider "How Shall Society Punish Moral Offences?"

Another coming meeting having wide interest among Episcopalians will be the fourteenth annual conference of Episcopal Church clubs, to be held in Rochester, N. Y., on April 25 and 26. As membership in the church clubs represents the leading laymen of the Episcopal Church, the meeting may have wide influence in that body, as its discussions are largely related to the duty and opportunity of the laity. The thank offering to be presented by the laymen at the General Convention next year will be one of the important topics of the conference.—*Boston Transcript.*

Federation at the Congress

When the program of the Congress, which convenes April 25-27, at Indianapolis, was being prepared, there was no thought that the subject of Church Federation would become so absorbing a theme of tongue and pen before the Congress should actually meet. Nevertheless, the subject of Christian unity, which is always pertinent to a gathering

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of the Disciples, was accorded an important place in the plan of the assembly. It now appears that the selection of the topic, "Practical Measures for the Disciples in the Promotion of Christian Union Today," which is to be considered on the first afternoon, was especially timely. Since no method of advancing the cause of brotherhood among believers has received the attention that has been given to this one of Federation during the past few months, it appears to be an opportune moment to give it attention in the Congress.

* * *

For this reason we hope that the brethren who present the addresses at that session of the Congress will give us the clearest statements they are able to prepare as to the merits and defects of the plan of Federation, as one of the "practical measures" now proposed in the promotion of Christian unity. Then we hope every member of the Congress will exercise his right of free speech on the question. We are not concerned as to the view the speakers shall advance. We may agree with them or not; they may agree with each other or not. The real value of that session will consist in a plain and lucid statement of the facts, and the opportunity for fair and open discussion of the whole matter. If there is not time in that session, the committee having the program in charge should be requested to provide additional room for the matter. Let us have the facts, and all the facts about Federation.—*The Christian Century.*

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Benefit Concert

The Auditorium at Lincoln Centre contained an enthusiastic audience last week Tuesday, on the occasion of the splendid concert given for the benefit of the Magazine and Book Dispensary. The Starrett Choral Society, of young ladies from Mrs. Starrett's school, under the leadership of Miss Vera Brown, sang twice very delightfully. The Vivace Trio, consisting of Miss Alice Merrill, pianist; Miss Ethel Holladay, violinist; Mr. Hans Hess, 'cellist, rendered several instrumental numbers in rare harmony. The solo by Mrs. Rita Lorton Schmidt was faultlessly rendered by an accomplished artist and enthusiastically received. Miss Cora Mel Patten recited "The Hour Glass" in her usual attractive and pleasing manner. Jenkin Lloyd Jones read Browning's "Englishman in Italy"—and took occasion to express the thanks of Lincoln Centre people for the delightful concert and the still more pleasing generosity represented in the dollars given to send books and magazines to lonely homes all over the country. The committee to whom the success of the entertainment was chiefly due consisted of Miss Imogene Pierce, Mrs. G. W. Westney and Mrs. Wm. C. Free.

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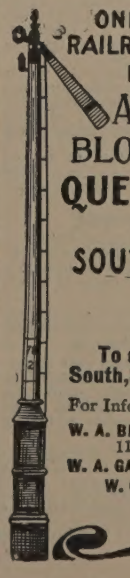

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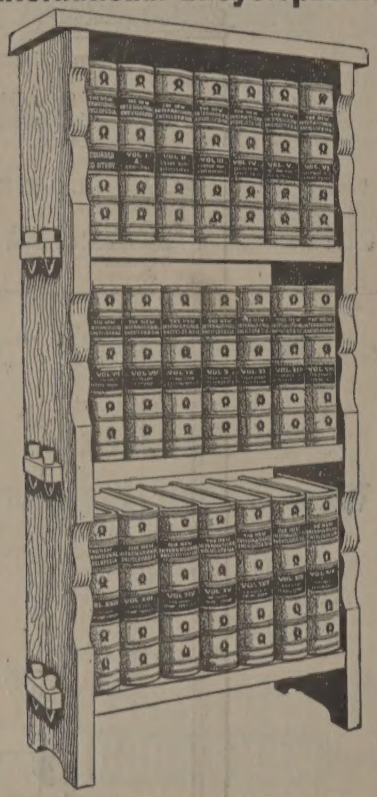

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